



sun and shadow



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1975 anderson college literary magazine • anderson, south carolina

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DAWNS BREAKING

With skulking stillness the blazing god quietly
gathers his troops.
From the illuminate concave, brightly clad soldiers
inspect the global curtain,
Under the watchful eye of the nocturnal magician.
The onlookers distill a black passionate rage.
The death-dull domain flickers as twinkling powders
are slung from large, outstretched, malice-stained
hands.
The silent crystals are the call to order, as ground
battalion's decoying orthopteron signals prepare
for the ritual battle.

A horror clumps in the throat of the uninformed
witnesses.
In the distance a dim light invades. The dark creatures
attempt to shield away the oncoming predator.
But too many have been captured, and forced to labor away
at daily duties.
Others, with shriek-formed faces flee, unaware that
they, too, are destined.
A victory is assured, but the crude, beguiling
orb isn't through.
Within soundless seconds the bubble erupts,
belching brightly tinted torchlights across the
weary battlefield.
The worn are lulled into false security as dreary-eyed,
they gaze at the rainbow-streaked heavens.

Susan Alewine



I knocked--
twice, then three times
knock, knock, knock, knock--
no one answered

The radio
blared from within the house
and I heard laughter--
still no one came

What is this?
I thought to myself as I
pounded fiercely on the door--
no reply

Open up!
I was screaming, and the
red stuff oozed from my sore knuckles--
silence

Tears gushed
as I fell to the floor
still clawing the wooden door--
nothing

Never before
had she not answered the door
and three years was not so long--
stillness

Ripping
the boards from the windows
I smashed the glass and crawled inside--
dead silence

Running upstairs
I finally found her in her room
where I knew she would be--
just like before

Steve Lewis



Emptiness

Emptiness is sitting alone on a hot summer evening;
A cat bird meows in the forest, thunder roars from afar;
All is still but moving, the autos seem unending;
A flower half alive half wilted adds to this empty pathos;
Summer's nearly over but emptiness lives on forever;
The sky is overshadowed as life squanders to its hearth;
Thoughts of time are so vain but time is never ending;
Rain sprinkles down to enfold the evening;
Thunder and lighting hurtles from the heavens;
Emptiness, for all the world is expressionless.

Mike McGuire

And who are you that, wanting you,
I should be kept awake
As many nights as there are days
With crying for your sake?

And who are you that, missing you,
On many days I crawl
I should be listening to the wind
And looking at the wall?

I know men who are brave men
And many of that kind,
And who are you, that you should be
The one man on my mind?

Yet women's ways are witless ways.
And some men will tell,
And who am I, that I should love
So wisely and so well?

Kiddle Woodward

SONNET

The poets of renown composed lines to
Pay tribute to the women they did love.
This prompts my feeble bid to reckon you
With The Virtue of one come from Above.
Cursed death has no silence that can compare
With hush when your voice-harked ear can not hear,
Nor loneliness, nor solitude, despair
When your smile sensuous does not appear.
No height can match the height of joy, so strong
That I feel with your most sweet gentle touch
These are but preludes to a siren's song.
A song sung when young passionate lovers clutch.
But since thou will not my love truly be,
My heart aches each trice, and eternity.

Stephen Mattison

"The clouds!"
she exclaimed
as her eyes grew
too-wide
in sudden terror.

Her mind
quickly recalled
that Kansas afternoon
now twenty years
in history

Vivid recollections
of a sudden
darkness, followed
by the longest
minutes of her
life,
cowering
under a small tree
as she watched
her whole life
disappear
in a whirling mass
of jagged clapboards
and uprooted trees.

I held her
frail trembling body
close to my own,
feeling the heaving
sobs; the
hot tears now soaking
my shirt as I
winced at the sound
of the
ear-piercing
screams

As the clouds
passed over
the heaving began
to subside,
the sobs turning
to soft sighs.

She regained
her composure
just as my hour
ended
and planting
a soft kiss
on my forehead
she smiled
and went back
inside.

Steve Lewis

DAYBREAK

The day whispers newly as it begins to break
And wonders what new beginning it can create
You never know how the day will begin
Or what kind of package it will be in.

I've seen the sun rise in its brightest glow
Showing all the beauty it had to show
Never once thinking of rain or cold
Radiating its shine and heat so bold.

It often rises with a dark gloomy cover
and clouds about it seem to hover
Often it appears to wear a frown on its face
With rain drops falling as if in a race.

Some days have begun with many a torment
But still in the sky the sun it has sent
To cheer and comfort all the world's congregation
When day breaks the sun is a nice confrontation.

Pat Raper



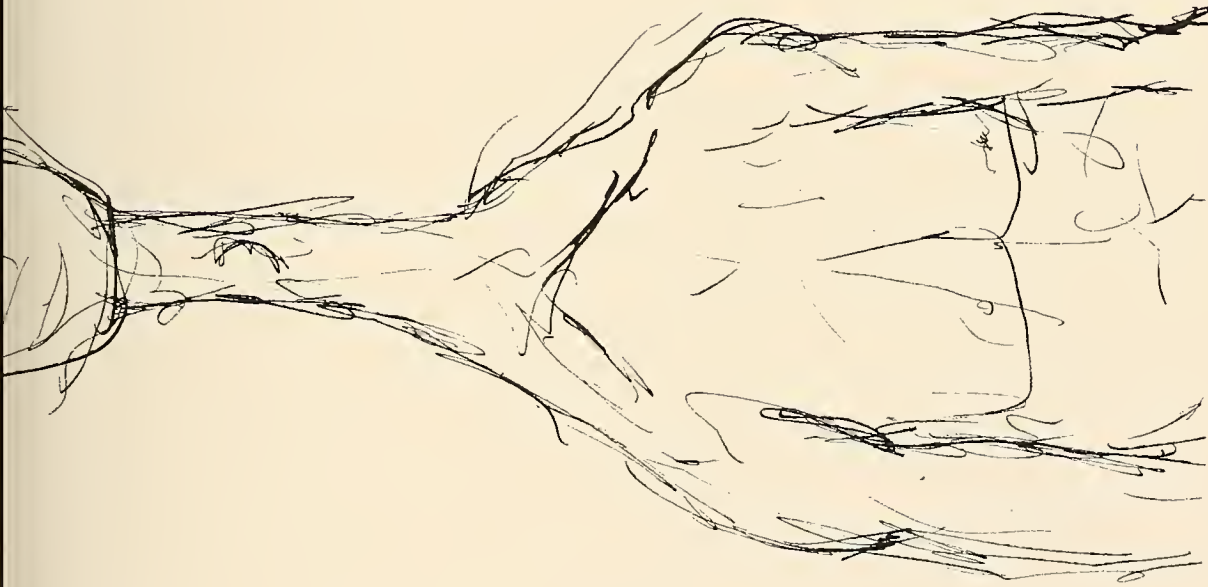
Why did you say you loved me
when you knew that from the start
I would get all excited and be
broken-hearted before you depart.
You said you would always be there-
but where have you gone?
All of a sudden the room is bare
and it is almost dawn.
All my dreams of tomorrow
have all become yesteryear
because I'm left with sorrow
for something I held dear.

Cookie Bland

Time, Words, and a Meaning

Time seems infinite,
and yet it could only be a day,
An hour,
A second.
For time is but a word
and what are words?
Do you remember who they were?
Did they tell you, "With
truth we say this and care:
To life you will wander,
Trip,
You will fail.
But through the mist of
all darkness,
A little light shall shine
and through it all
you see the worth of the work
and the way of making a life,
but here's how it must be."
And you wonder
growing older
Past two
Now four
ten and you're twenty, alone and confused.
Who said time seems infinite?
And what is a word?
Telling me Truth, of whose
do they believe.
A word,
A word and what is a word?
The trigger clicks-
A sound implored,
Motion seen, and thoughts
perceived:
Twenty and a second-
his years he was old,
killed is self,
over a question of
Time.

Richard T. Roberts



Mind Intervals

Mind intervals,
along with resting ears and hands
in a cigarette graveyard,
With stingy drink machines,
Provide a welcome rest
to hypnotic learning.

David Capps

David Capps
1979

The Trial of the Rapist*

**With apologies to Alexander Pope*

When dire injustice on a maiden fair
Is done, and causes loss of lock of hair,
Because a gent himself could not control
And so, Belinda's curling lock he stole,
Then voices of the gods cry out as one
For speedy trial, and justice to be done.
The courtroom filled, the jury took its place.
Belinda walked in with a tear-stained face.
The judge entered; the perpetrator rose;
And sweet Belinda blew her dainty nose.
"You're charged with a most heinous crime indeed,"
The Judge commented. "Now how do you plead?"
The lawyer spoke, "Tis mercy we demand.
Let us review the facts which are at hand.
Belinda fixed herself the men to please.
She's what the barroom boys would call a tease."
"Objection!" shouted Prosecutor Kocks.
"She's not on trial here--nor her curly locks."
"I beg your pardon," argued Sir Saint Klaire,
"But what's on trial here, if it's not her hair?
I aim to prove with my client she flirted,
And therefore, with her own destruction skirted."
"That, Sir Saint Klaire, I won't advise to try:
I'll put her on the stand and she'll deny....."
"I've had about enough of both of ya'll,"
The Judge exulted in a Southern drawl.
"I'd like to get back to the trial somehow!"
His anger showed through, in his flutt'ring brow.
"If you don't state your client's plea tonight,
I'll give him 20 years, just out of spite!"
"Yes, sir," said Saint Klaire, and approached the bench,
"And I'll not say one word about the wench.
Insanity's the plea we'll enter in,
Temporary though it may have been."
The Prosecutor laughed aloud at this
And told his client, "Do not worry, Miss.
If that's what his defense shall be based on,
A full conviction is as good as done."
Saint Klaire now started to present his case.
"I ask you now, is this a rapist's face?
An honest gent, of solid reputation,
Whose only crime is one of adoration.
It was the girl's own foolish vanity

Which caused the loss of this man's sanity.
 A case of clear flirtatiousness it is.
 Therefore, the guilt of crime is hers--not his.
 She should be glad we'll cop a plea for less
 And charge her not, instead, with wantonness."
 The Prosecutor to the bench did stride,
 And said, "Your Honor, now we'll tell our side.
 'Tis true Belinda's quite a pretty girl,
 And possibly upon her silky curl
 She places more importance than is due;
 And vain? Well, that perhaps is also true.
 But it is true that we all have our faults,
 And this is no way justifies assaults.
 Do murderers walk freely out the gate
 Because the men they robbed have plenty more?
 Of course not! And do not the people trust
 The jurors to reach verdicts that are just?
 Based on the facts presented--that alone;
 And not the character of any one."
 The jurors rose and left in single file,
 Returning after quite a lengthy while.
 The foreman rose and cleared his throat for speech,
 "'Guilty as charged' we finally did reach."
 Kocks and Belinda yelped with sheer delight.
 Saint Klaire said, "Don't y'all think you'd better sit?
 There's sentencing to do before we split.
 Both of y'all two boys did mighty fine,
 But now the big decision is all mine.
 And such a tough one for to make it is.
 For is the guilt of crime all hers--or his?
 His yearns he should have had the sense to halt.
 But she herself is not without some fault.
 Therefore my sentence shall be but two years,
 Which is the minimum in crimes with shears."
 Saint Klaire spoke up, "I intend to appeal.
 I can't believe this jury is for real.
 So we shall now proceed straight to the top,
 And at the Capital shall this case stop."
 He paused for drama, and then carried on,
 "We'll bring The Pard'ner in before we're done."
 "The Pardoner? His Majesty you mean?"
 Kocks shouted and began to turn pale green.
 "Why not?" said Klaire. "My client is no worse
 Than countless others saved by Ford the First."

Cathy Thrift

DIMENSIONS

They said
the bullet glanced
off my
rib
and so they
say I will
live, but
they are not
so smart
because
tonight
I will
try again, and
this time
I shall
succeed.

Steve Lewis

Phantom words-
Words that I hold in my hand
but cannot write.
Comforting illusions that exist
in a separate dimension.
Parallel,
Side by side are soul and body,
Can it be that emotions and words are, too?
Stretched together in sentences as are
the hours of our lives.
they are real.
Which is the better world?

David Capps

The distinctive odor of the canals drifted like a ghost through the square. Tourists, preoccupied with feeding the pigeons, were unaware of the faint smell of sewage which surrounded them. There were distractions from all sides as vendors in throaty voices called out their wares.

In the distance the mosaic-encrusted St. Mark's Cathedral cast a short shadow indicating it was noontime. Visitors, dressed in casual clothes, picked their way carefully from the cathedral toward the sidewalk cafes. The uneven pavement caused by the sinking of the city, made walking a difficult task.

The busy lunch trade made the waiters hurry as the orchestras began slowly to strum romantic songs. Wine bottles emptied as waltzes serenaded the diners. An atmosphere of lazy sleepiness overcame the square.

The gong in the bell tower sounded twice and thus signaled a mass closing of the shops as the natives prepared for their siesta hours. All was quiet in the square where only a few scattered tourists remained.

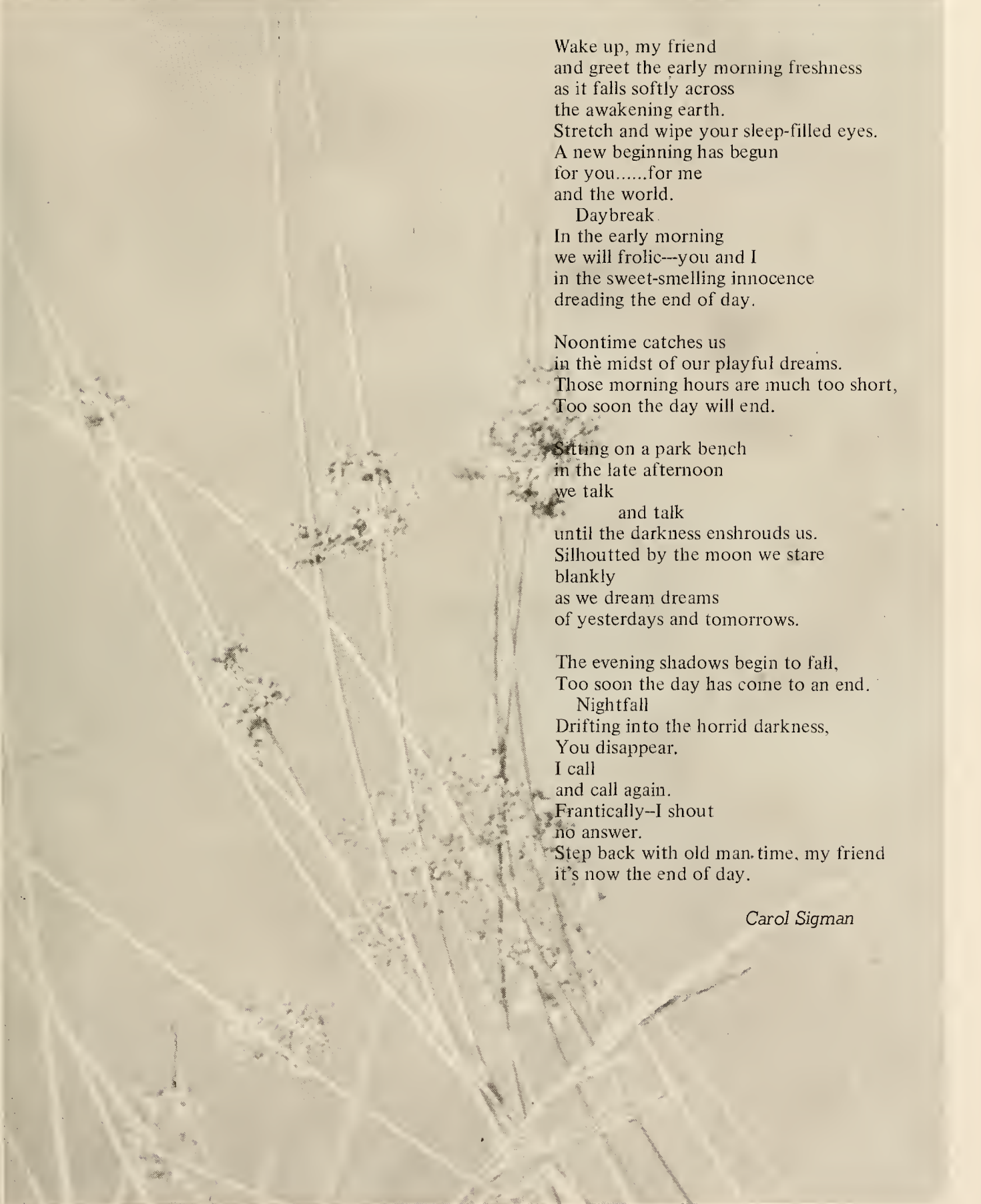
The afternoon passed in slow dullness. The few who braved the canals had the city to themselves. Others who had remained stood listening to the faint chanting of the monks which echoed from a nearby island.

The square underwent its final metamorphosis of the day when the gong struck five times. Stores reopened, crowds assembled, and an orchestra began a slow rendition of "The Blue Danube." Ladies attired in ankle length dresses were a contrast to others dressed less formally.

Dusk settled over St. Mark's Square where a festive mood prevailed. With great ceremony the torches were lit on the granite colonnades. The feeling of having stepped into a World War II movie made one feel as if time had stood still.

This was Venice.

Jean Welborn



Wake up, my friend
and greet the early morning freshness
as it falls softly across
the awakening earth.
Stretch and wipe your sleep-filled eyes.
A new beginning has begun
for you.....for me
and the world.

Daybreak.
In the early morning
we will frolic---you and I
in the sweet-smelling innocence
dreading the end of day.

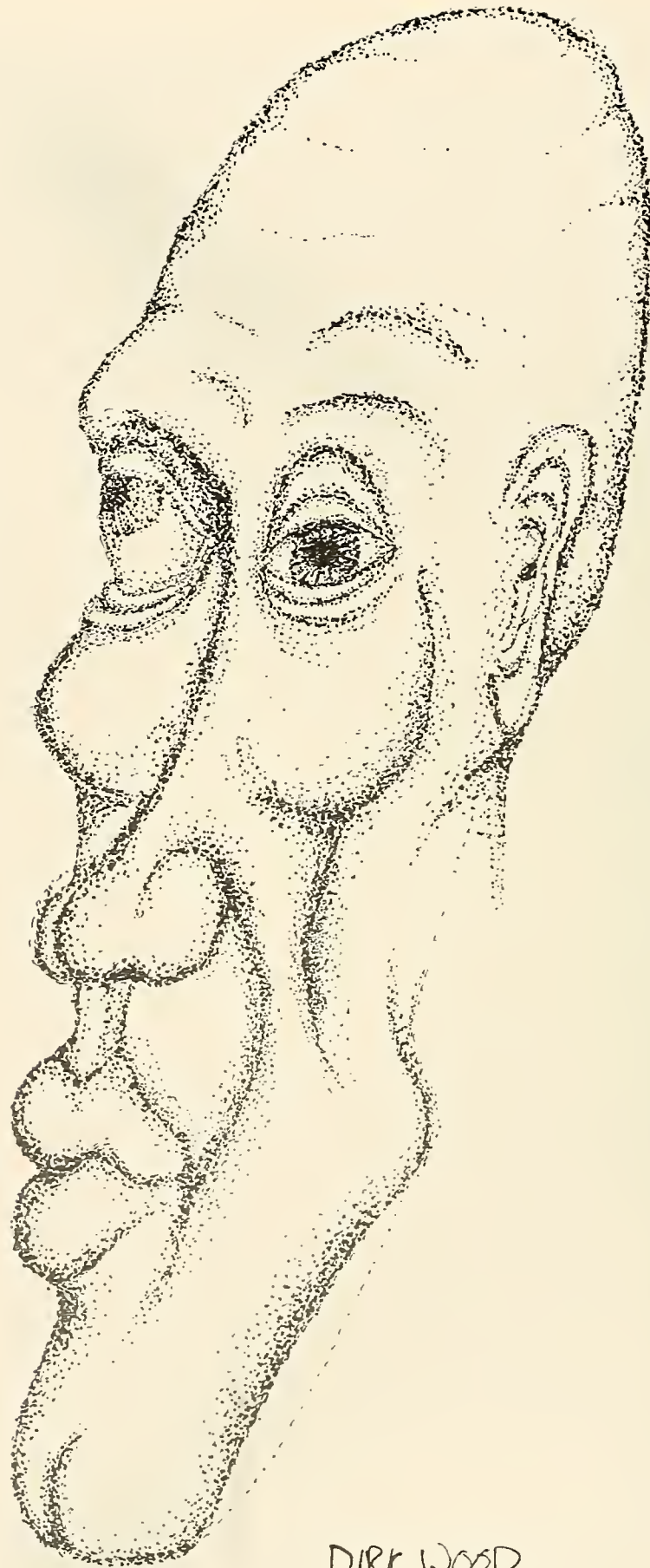
Noontime catches us
in the midst of our playful dreams.
Those morning hours are much too short,
Too soon the day will end.

Sitting on a park bench
in the late afternoon
we talk
and talk
until the darkness enshrouds us.
Silhouetted by the moon we stare
blankly
as we dream dreams
of yesterdays and tomorrows.

The evening shadows begin to fall,
Too soon the day has come to an end.

Nightfall
Drifting into the horrid darkness,
You disappear.
I call
and call again.
Frantically--I shout
no answer.
Step back with old man time, my friend
it's now the end of day.

Carol Sigman



DIRK WOOD
OCT 2274

MY LOVE

How can'st our love last,
For thou lovest thyself more.
Thou art one whose heart on butterfly's wings
flutters away at prettier ones. Thy soul is't sour
like year old milk.

It is said trouble breedeth in fools;
then thou art a carrier for potential plagues.
Like trees that breedeth bugs, which in turn devour in
circles the soul till death occurs. The earth, too, rotates
though not in circles but spherical as do electrons
in their various orbits around their controlling
nucleus.

Thy sweet nothings whispered in ear
are like boisterous burps,
neither are pleasant, yet latter is more soothing to the system.
When lights fade dim,
moonbeams spotlight our lips in close connection; a smouldering
fire kindles within my breast. And lasts till long in evening;
me thinks 'tis heartburn, for
thy lips and mouth possess large samples of Spanish meals gone by.

Thou mayest not have a dream, but
neither art thou much of one.
Where open spaces are attractive to city bred, in teeth they
lack in appeal. When as latter day lovers seranaded by starlight,
my lover lounges by lantern, with
tongue sliding through gaps like trombones--whistling songs unknown.

Thy fickle love is like "baggies,"
For neither is airtight.
Where one concerns alibis, the other serves as a container for
messy drippings; which in
thinking, both concern thou for thou art very much a drip.
Rain clouds are gray and dull and so is thy presence, for both
are capable of spoiling a good day.
But then clouds, through rain on parched lands, can bring
satisfaction, where thy presence rarely does.

Flowers rise up in peculiar places
from hard winds blowing, which
reminds me of thee, for thou are very much a blow hard.
Diamonds tell of long lasting love,
but what does glass profess?
Sunrays on lover's rings bring tears to the eyes; money, too,
shines and brings on tears, but only when there is none.
Green grass and heavily fragrant flowers
in snow are as common as diamonds, money, and thee.

As polished silver glows in darkened rooms,
and pleasant breezes relax noon day meals in deserts.
And as trees will rise from worm fed acorns, our love, too,
is sure to grow.

Susan Alewine

• tradition has governed the literary magazine in previous years which is revealed through the design and name of the magazine "ivy leaves." consistency in tradition tends to hinder the imagination. relating to a changing world is difficult unless we ourselves face changes. changes happen everyday all around us, and even anderson college has responded to these changes. we, the magazine staff, felt it necessary to change the name of the magazine so we sought a new outlook and we found it in "sun and shadow."

photos • alan stoddard, pages 3, 13 • james plowden, page 7 • drawings • mary shooter, page 5 • dirk wood, pages 8-9, 14 • cover photo by mickey saunders (ac class of '72), submitted by steve lewis

